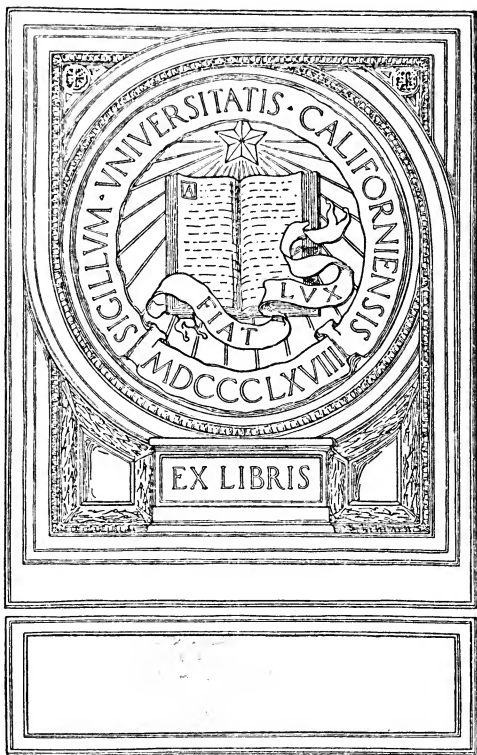


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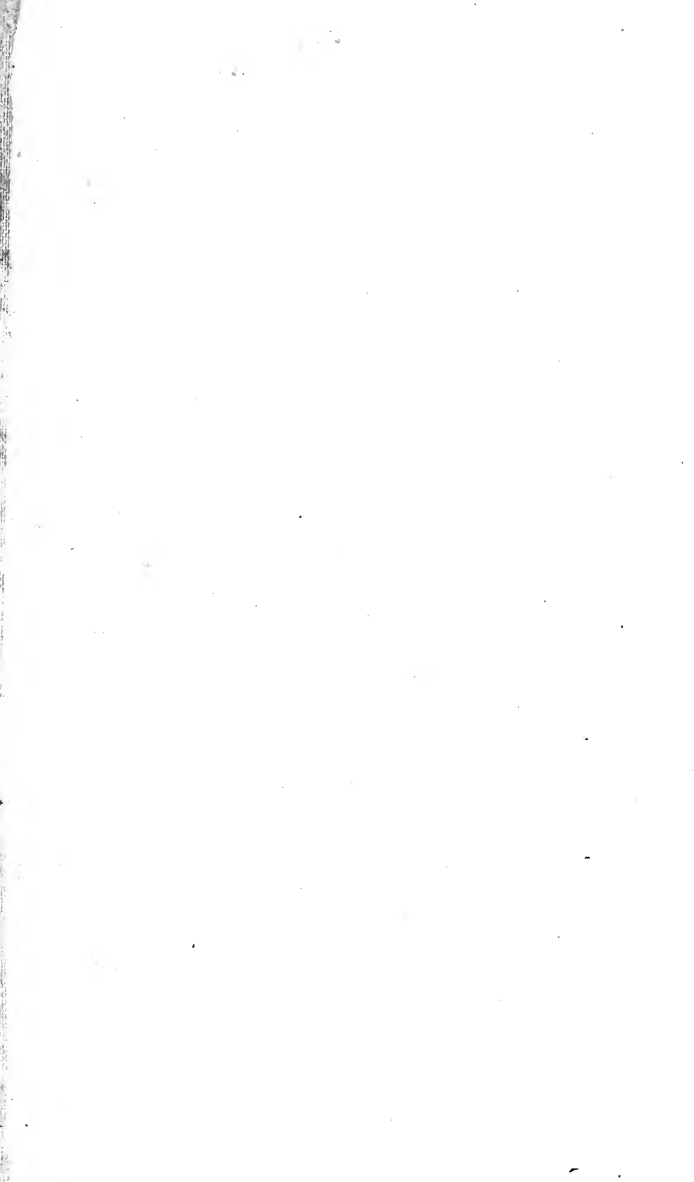


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Gold-Thread.



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Yours Truly,
Helen M. Cooke

GOLD - THREAD

AND

OTHER POEMS.



BY

HELEN M. COOKE,

(LOTTIE LINWOOD.)



NEW YORK :
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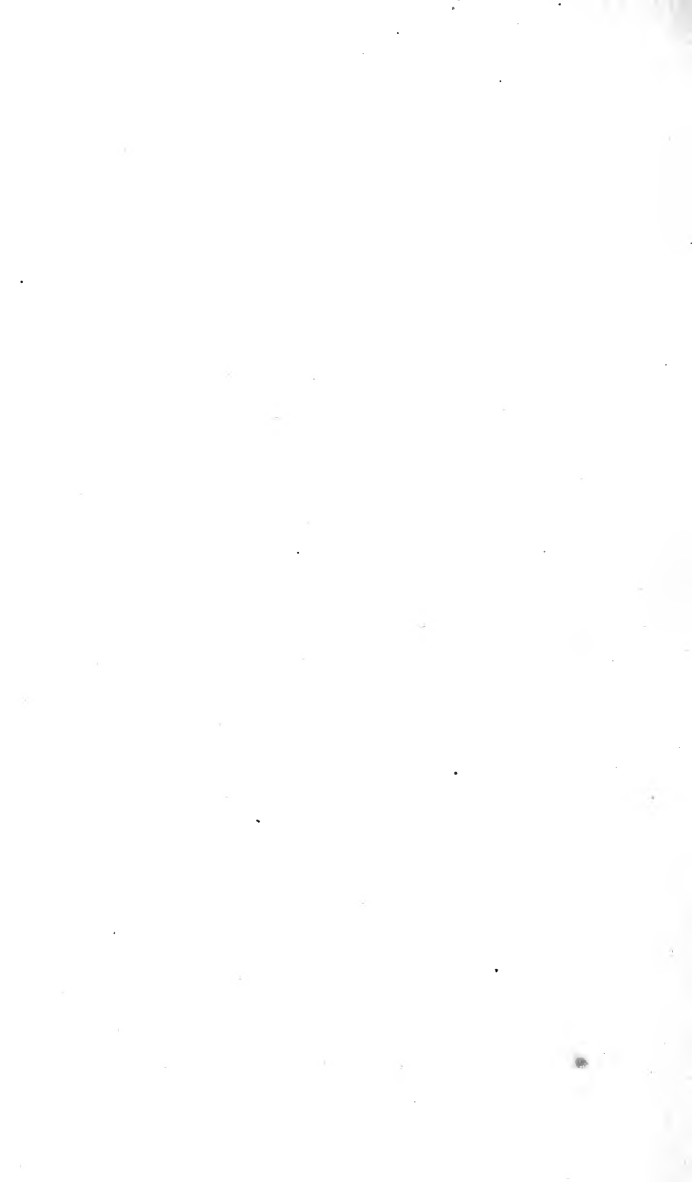
THE HON. O. S. HALSTED,

EX-CHANCELLOR OF NEW JERSEY.

BY

THE AUTHOR.

938584



P R E F A C E.

THESE poems are published by the urgent request of friends, many of whose faces I have never seen, whose hands have never been clasped in mine, but whose sweet sympathies have sprung into life and linked our hearts even as the beautiful *Gold-Thread*, which creeps through the silent darkness of the ground and links its marvelous nerve-like tendrils together in thousands of inseparable ties, sending up now and then a pure white blossom that makes the world more fragrant and lovely—we know not how.

I have called my book **GOLD-THREAD**, for it seems to me its contents have sprung out of the hidden intensities of my woman's heart; that in it and with it lie the deepest sorrows and sweetest joys I have ever known.

The world may have seen in its author only the meek white blossoms growing small and low, that

any rude feet could trample over to reach a higher and richer bloom ; but to those of my dear readers, whether man or woman, who have been hungry, tired, lonely, who have known the great love, and helpless yearnings for humanity, with all its losses, and failures, who have helped to bear its crosses, it will find an answering voice—a throb of unutterable sympathy, and its mission will have been accomplished. To touch a human heart is greater than Fame. I shall be satisfied.

H. M. C.

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DEDICATORY.

TO you on whose broad brow will ever shine
A more than poet's everlasting crown!
Genius, and power, and fame are all thine own!
Low at thy feet I lay this gift of mine.

There it has been in days gone by my pride
To sit and learn, and listen to each word
From thy wise lips, till all my life was stirred
To emulate so pure and good a guide.

And often thus some power of thine has come
(As the sweet south wind on the violet,
That April in her tearfulness has wet—)
To deepen thoughts of mine to richer bloom!

And thy grand life of earnest searching thought
Has been to me a warmth, a helping light,

And led me out from Doubt's perplexing night,
To God's great freedom, which so few have sought.

And I can lay my hand in thine to-day,
And know how safe and sure His promise is ;
When work and song are ended, we are His,
With gift of life immortal from decay.

GOLD THREAD.

A M I to blame if in the world of Thought
I strike low chords, and sing in deepest
shade,

While happier singers find a sunnier spot,
And pour their lays out in the open glade ?

Long, long and weary years ago there came
A genial spirit hovering by my side,
And talked of poesy, and love, and fame,
And fired my soul for all of these—and died !

I died too, with my bright young hopes and dreams;
Drew back my eager hands that reached for
fame ;

My feet went down to deep and silent streams ;
And my mute lips moaned only one dear name.

I surely died then, in the long ago—
Hiding my tears and sobs all out of sight ;

Hushed my despair so well that none could know
Of my Gethsemane, or after night.

Year after year the early violets come,
And summer roses drop around his head,
Like rosaries that slip through hands of bloom—
In voiceless prayers, to bless with peace my
dead.

And over all the darkness and the gloom,
And through the longings, and the throbs of
pain,
Through all the fading of this earthly bloom ;
The thought comes ever, "*we shall meet again !*"

A fairer light will shine again for me ;
Dreams of our past-time brighten into truth ;
Beyond the cold depths of the silent sea,
Will come the sweet words of our perished
youth.

Oh hope immortal ! not forever dead !
Though parted for a little while in tears—
All the sweet memories of the days long fled
Will live beyond Time's swiftly rolling years.

Oh, great Hereafter ! great immortal life !

Oh, vast Forever, where no death shall come !
Where endless being unto saints shall give
A perfect joy, a final rest, a home !

Yet underneath this cloud I see him not ;
My songs still tremble with a stifled sob ;
I miss him here in each familiar spot
Where'er I go, and in the heart's low throb.

Reach down, oh Hand Immortal, unto me,
And through these shadows lead me to the light ,
And give me strength that I may calmly see
The clouds of sorrow drifting out of sight !

TRINITY BELLS.

WHAT are you saying in tones so sweet,
Musical bells—in the soft spring air,
While I plod on in the crowded street,
Weary and sad with my weight of care?

Sometimes you touch on a quivering string,
Waking some memory dead for years ;
And the old-time pain to my heart will spring,
And my eyes are filled with their blinding tears.

They are pressing me sore on every side,
With toil, and care, and the great world's strife;
With the rush and crowd of the city's tide,
And the crushing weight of this human life.

But above it all, like a tireless bird—
Your notes ring out, as we come and go,
Till my envious heart with a wish is stirred
Toward the peaceful sleepers that lie below.

And I pause a moment as on I pass,
To note how quiet and still they lie ;
Not even a wave in the churchyard grass
Do their bosoms lift by a sob or sigh.

Oh, Trinity Bells ! dear Trinity Bells !
How many a sad, sweet thing you say,
As your varied chime on the soft air swells,
To the world of hearts that throng Broadway.

While trade, and traffic, and worldly pride,
Are running riot within thy sound ;
Some tear-stained eyes in the restless tide,
Look up for rest to the Blue Beyond.

LILLA BURT.

BLUE-EYED Lilla, laughing child !
Fairest of our household flowers,
Dancing in thy glee so wild,
Stealing all these hearts of ours.
God hath given thee to our care,
And we hold thee tremblingly,
Fearing lest a bud so fair,
Cannot bloom beneath the sky.

We are thinking when we gaze
In thy soft and starry eyes,
When we watch thy playful ways,
Of thy mates in Paradise.
Living, dying, well we know,
God protects his lambs from hurt ;
Though we love and prize thee so,
Thou art His, sweet Lilla Burt.

DEAD FOREVER.

YES, yes, the dream has fled,
Our love lies strangled, dead ;

Heart calls not back to heart with one sweet word.

The Past shall ever keep

With silence, oh, how deep !

The power to touch for us one answering chord.

In one sad hour it died,

Slain by our human pride ;

No dear Christ of the past shall bid it rise again ;

Our hearts have ceased their cry,

Stilled all their agony,

All their sweet passion, all their bitter pain !

In all our future years,

Whether of smiles or tears,

Drifting apart forever, you and me !

Over each promise fair

Surges a cold despair ;

Dead, now and always, through eternity.

IN MEMORIAM.

THERE is a heart-break in the robin's singing,
A note of sorrow in the low wind's song,
And the red flower-bells on the uplands swinging,
Seem tolling a sad requiem all day long !

Hearts that were glad with summer's flush and
glory,
And brimming o'er with joy, one year ago,
Have learned amid life's winter, sorrow's story,
And shadows creep where'er their footsteps go.

For we remember how a great heart perished
In all his manly beauty and his pride ;
In early spring-time, the beloved and cherished
Laid down life's burden quietly, and died.

Oh life, so bitter ! full of pains and crosses ;
There comes one dark Gethsemane to all !
One heaviest woe to all our heavy losses,
The shadow dropping on the loved one's pall.

We cannot lift it with our feeble trying,
Though tears fall fast, and our poor hearts
make moan ;

The world is full of losing and of dying,
Of hearts that break in silence and alone.

And so we wait, the shadows growing longer ;
And valleys deeper in the churchyard grass ;
Praying the while that God will make us stronger
For all the days of loneliness we pass.

So spring returns with all the buds and blossoms,
Winds chant their Easter anthems o'er and o'er,
Shedding their glory on the silent bosoms
Where we may rest our weary heads no more.

MATTIE.

DARK-EYED Mattie, friend of mine,
Laughing in thy girlish glee ;
Tell me if that heart of thine
Has one thought of love for me?
Tell me if those nightly eyes,
Playful, frolicsome and bright,
Where all tameless witchery lies,—
E'er will gleam with love's soft light?

Now youth's golden morning lies
Shining o'er thine early way ;
May no clouds of sorrow rise,
To enshroud life's closing day ;
And may Hope's pure vestal star,
Guard and keep thy future years ;
Lead thee where the angels are,
Keep thy dear black eyes from tears !

WEARY AND BOUND.

WEARY and bound ! oh, Poetry,
Bright spirit ! idol of my Heart !
I, but an humble devotee,
Bow meekly wheresoe'er thou art.

Blest soul of love, of joy and truth,
Thou fadeless beauty, fresh and free,
Thou stream of song, that charmed my youth,
The weary bound one cries for thee !

Oh, Poesy ! my spirit swells
To plunge for aye in thy cool waves ;
It longs to burst these earthly cells,
And find in thee the bliss it craves.

To tell the thoughts that upward spring ;
To break from language's dreamy lull,
And with unearthly voice to sing
These dreams, so bright and beautiful !

Unrest, unrest ! forever bound,
And chafed with restless longing thought,
With whispered music all around,
But my bound spirit answers not.

Oh, Earth ! oh, Time ! oh, Thou, my God !
When will this fleshly bondage cease ?
When laid this chain beneath the sod ?
When rest the soul in endless peace ?

By the wild prayers I strive to speak,
By the sweet songs of angels free,
By the strong power I vainly seek,
By hopes, tears, loves, oh answer me !

LILACS.

PURP'LING in, and purp'ling out,
'Mong the emerald leaves,
Weaving beauty round about
The low and mossy eaves ;
Bringing to our memory back
Many old-time joys,
When we danced on childhood's track,
Merry girls and boys ;
When our little hands reached high,
For their clustering bloom,
Tossing upward toward the sky,
In their sweet perfume.

Golden hours ! the dreamers' rhyme
Calls for thee in vain ;
Standing near life's harvest-time,
'Mid ungathered grain !

And the blessed ones who stood
Hand in hand with me,
Looking higher, up to God,
Went beyond life's sea !
From this purple-laden bough,
Oft I turn mine eye ,
Where they gather blossoms now,
To the purp'ling skies !

TO THE GIVER OF A BASKET OF FLOWERS.

THERE'S a charm in every petal, a caress in
every leaf ;

In the roses' hearts lie folded a beautiful belief !
Oh, white and royal lily, when you bowed your
regal head

To the hand that stole your beauty from the
fragrant garden-bed,

Wist ye not how more than kingly was the mis-
sion that he gave ?

For in thy silent dying came the blessing that
I crave !

Ye are sanctified by fingers whose lightest little
touch

Brings to me the benediction I have coveted so
much ;

And through all thy subtle perfume floats the
tenderness of tears,

Drifting back into the distance all the weary,
waiting years

When no sunlight and no blossoms beautified
the path I trod,

Unknowing that the darkness led me up to Hope,
and God!

Oh, beloved! sweet and tender! in thy hand I
lay my heart;

All its blossoms, all its incense, all its truth to
thee impart;

Thou canst cast me back to darkness, to a love-
less, starless night;

Only in thy priceless loving finds my woman's
heart its light;

Crush me not, and leave me dying, like these
flowers, to bloom no more,

For no other power thereafter, could one throb
of hope restore!

ON THE SHORE.

LIE still, proud heart, and dream
Of all thy being craves ;
Float down the sunny stream,
Kissed by the cheating waves.

For only thus to thee
Will happiness be given ;
Thy life's intensity
Mocks that for which thou'st striven.

Lie still tired heart, and dream
Of love, that lives and grows ;
That friends are what they seem ;
Of hope, trust, and repose.

That some grand soul with thine
Will merge to higher thought,
Touching the life divine,
That famishes unsought ;

Cooling the fevered life
 With tender touch and word ;
Hushing the inward strife,
 By secret longings stirred.

Lie still, poor heart, and dream,
 Here by the sighing sea !
Dream that you only dream
 That these are not for thee.

Dream that a sheltering love
 Enfolds thee evermore ;
That all for which you strove
 Lies with thee on the shore.

That all the waves that come
 To touch thy weary feet,
Bear on their crested foam,
 Life's messages complete.

Dream on, sad heart, dream on,
 Here by the mournful sea !
While pitying waves make moan
 In mystery, like thee !

THE PICTURE AT GOUPIL'S.

IS it an angel's face we see,
With saintly eyes, and haloed brow?
Where Raphael's wondrous touch has left
A vision of the long ago?

A chord of music never sung
On earth rests on those silent lips;
As if around their beauty hung
Some marvellous apocalypse!

O, angel child! what mother's heart
Was wrung with agony and pain,
To see the light of life depart,
To give thee back to God again?

JULY.

BRIGHT, full of dreams and beauty, glad
July,

With thy warm kisses on my cheek,
And thy low whispers passing ever by
On every breeze, I find the joy I seek.
O world! so full of life! O world of mine!
Thou'rt like a ceaseless fount of sparkling wine,
That stirs my being newly hour by hour,
With a bewildering, unresisting power!

Why, mid this carnival of bud and bloom,
And merry hum of insects on the wing,
And fragrant odors, and the songs of birds,
And joy, and life, and every happy thing,
Must come the thought of blight and chill; why?

The thought that these must perish soon and die?

O, glorious world ! dost hear my rapturous lay,
As I forget this golden summer day,
That thou and I must fade and pass away ?
I lay my hand on thy great, throbbing heart,
And hear the harmonies that into music start,
And bathe myself in beauty, fragrance, light,
Dear world, so daisy-crowned and bright.

O royal month, O royal queen, July !

Whose warm breath billows o'er the wheat,
And scatters flowers where our loved ones lie,
Whose tender hands fold down the winding-
sheet !

Only one little shadow, slanting low,
On heart, and stream, and flower, and cluster-
ing vine,

That thou art absent, that where'er I go,
I miss thy voice, my Sweet, my Madaline !

“BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.”

ONLY a sentence, quickly, idly spoken
By careless lips, half tenderly, to me ;
As a pale spring-flower that has feebly opened
Among the dead leaves of an autumn tree.

Once comes life's merry, joyous Spring-time,
Odor and bloom, and gaily singing birds ;
Its wealth of trust, its loves, its full believing,
Its matchless music of endearing words.

Once comes life's Autumn, and the fading,
The barren, hopeless death of all most dear ;
My Spring and Autumn now have passed forever,
Now Winter comes, you may not enter here !

I will not mock you with an idle seeming
Of what has glided down Fate's trembling
stair ;
One place within your soul will be forever calling
And still be desolate ; I have been there.

"Because I love you!" once my heart was given,
With all its passions, all of love's decrees ;
I would have paused e'en at the gates of heaven
To hear you speak, as now, such words as these.

But take them back ; the heart's cold chill, and
fever,
Its broken faith, its waiting all in vain,
Have filled brim-full at last life's tear-stained
goblet,
And words like these bring only bitter pain.

I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
How he whispered very low,
Telling me to lift the curtain,
And to let the moonlight through ;
How with trembling hand I parted
Back the folds of snowy sheen ;
And like fairies, merry-hearted,
Danced the moonbeams gaily in ;
And they rested on his pillow,
On his face, so pale and fair,
Like a wave of heavenly radiance,
Full of glory, drifted there ;
Then to me his eyes he lifted
From a long, enraptured gaze,
And I knew that he was passing
Out from life's bewildering maze
“ Oh, how beautiful !” he whispered,
As he, smiling, dropped asleep,

Leaving me a lonely watcher,
In the midnight hush to weep.

When the next eve-star came dancing
In the purple of the west,
And the moon, a queen of beauty,
Came again with silvery crest,
I was still beside that bedside,
Weeping bitterly alone,
For the loved was angel-mated,
And life's painful dream was done.
Still the moonlight flickered coldly
O'er the face I loved so well,
Mocking me, for o'er my spirit
Deepest, darkest shadows fell.
Now Beloved, angel-hearted !
Life is one sad memory,
How we met, and loved, and parted,
One sweet memory of thee !

STANZAS.

DO thy footsteps falter, ever,
On the weary march of life?
Does thy strongest heart-endeavor,
Almost fail with earthly strife?
Then remember that beside thee
Angels walk in light and peace,
And their ministry will guide thee,
Till thy trials all shall cease.

Has thy heart a fadeless treasure
On the bright eternal shore,
When the dreams of earthly pleasure
Fade away to come no more?
Shadowy life! and yet so precious—
Sad, yet beautiful indeed!
Hope and faith delight, refresh us,
In our hours of greatest need.

Earth is beautiful ! so blended
Are the sunshine, shade, and flowers ;
Gratitude and love unended,
Should possess these hearts of ours.
Though by death our songs and laughter,
May be silenced, or subdued,
Faith's sweet voice will echo after,
And our souls be angel-hued.

ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

I SAW thee in thy quiet home,
With bright-eyed children round thy knee ;
I, but a stranger who had come,
Charmed by thy wondrous minstrelsy.
Oh mother, poet, child of song !
Was it a seraph's wing that stirred
Some unseen harp, by angels strung,
And thrilled me with each quivering chord ?

And sitting where the morning air,
Went drifting through the casement low,
Lifting the light waves of thy hair,
From off thy thoughtful, poet-brow,
I praised the Father that to thee
A richer wealth than gold was given ;
The matchless gift of poesy,
From the exhaustless hand of Heaven !

And which is stronger, which more blest,
The mother—or the poet-heart ?
Which brings *thee* more of peace and rest,
Which most of woman's joys impart ?
What makes thy face so patient now,
Oh sister ! wearied, overtasked ?
These questions still keep ebb and flow,
Unanswered questions, and unasked.

I never knew the holy bliss
Of baby lips upon my breast ;
Or gave a mother's thrilling kiss ;
Or hushed with prayer my child to rest !
Thou hast been nearer to the Christ,
Who blessed the mother on the cross ;
For mother-love, like some high-priest,
Will save when fierce temptations toss.

Sister of song ! from far I roam
To hold thy friendly hand in mine,
As other, nobler bards have come,
Who longed to see that face of thine.
I only worship, bending low

At Genius' feet, with poesy thrilled ;
With famished heart and aching brow,
And longings that will ne'er be stilled.

For humbler are the songs I sing
Than the bright offerings of thy soul ;
My muse is like the broken wing
Of some tired bird, beyond control—
That gives, oft-times, a saddened tune,
That rhymes up faintly, e'en as now
While thinking of that day in June
When first I kissed thy cheek and brow.

AT EVENING.

O H, had we met, had we met before !
When our lives were young, and our spirits
brave,

And our hopeful barks so near the shore
That we heard its songs on each answering
wave !

They are far off now, those isles of green—
Aback in the moaning sea of years ;
Time's billows toss and roll between ;
We can scarcely see for our blinding tears !

Why do we sigh, and why regret,
For the joys we missed in the long ago ?
There are greener isles in the distance yet—
Our feet e'en touch their bright shores now.
Oh, say, ye waves that our souls have crossed,
Ye deep, deep seas of Doubt and Pain,
Though ye bring not back the years we've lost,
Will ye waft us safe to Peace again ?

We have waited long, we have suffered much,
We have yearned for love till our hearts are
sad;
The flowers we nursed with tenderest touch,
Were first to droop, and die, and fade.
Then drift us out to the shores of Rest,
As the night comes down, and the daylight
dies,
As the autumn sunset gilds the west,
And beautifies the twilight skies.

WAITING.

HE has not come ! all vainly I have waited ;
First with a flush of hope and quiet joy ;
Then with a fevered heartbeat, almost fainted
With blended fear and anxious pain's alloy.

He has not come ! the night is growing dreary,
And clouds shut out each bright and glowing
star ;

The winds of autumn sing a song so weary,
As grieving for some wandering soul afar.

I hear the footfalls of departing summer,
Instead of coming footsteps that I love ;
My heart responds its sad, regretful murmur,
And mocks the darkness of the clouds above !

He has not come ! oh, whither is he roaming ?
I sit alone amid the night's alarms ;
Be still, oh, longing heart ! he yet is coming,
I shall find rest within his sheltering arms.

“He yet will come !” the weary wind keeps sigh-
ing ;

“He yet will come !” I hear it whisper now ;
And yet the weary, weary night is dying,
And chills like death are on my heart and brow.

He has not come ! the light is slowly creeping
With rosy beauty on the eastern sky ;
The royal autumn her great feast is keeping,
And yet I watch, and wait, and trust, and *die* !

YOU AND ME.

AND I am loved ! oh, how delightful is it
To know a heart beats fondly with mine
own ;

Oh, there is naught on earth half so exquisite
As when two lives seem blending into one !

Life has to me no thought of ill or sorrow ;
No sadness tinges o'er my dreamy hours ;
No darkness shades the thought of coming mor-
row,
But paths of sunshine wreathed with beauteous
flowers.

Break not the spell ! oh, let its brightness linger,
And if I only dream, waken me not !
For over all my soul Love's silent finger
Is tracing life without one darkened spot.

Life were all bliss, though all the world forget me,
If *thou* still love me, still art all mine own ;
A band of angels led me where I met thee,
And bound our hearts forever into one !

A CHRISTMAS RHYME.

WAS it the song of the murmuring pines
That came to me with a mournful sound,
Or the restless wail of the crying stream,
That wildly ran through the vale beyond?
Was it the strain of a weary bird
That its mates had left in our wintry clime,
With its breast a-tremble, and plumage stirred,
Like a human heart by a poet's rhyme?
I know that the morning light was clear,
And the light wind touched my tear-stained
face,
As in dreams we kiss the face most dear—
Or swung the willows with tender grace,
And played with the leaves that lay all dry
On the hedge rows sear, where the violets sleep,
But it all seemed dark as a winter sky,
And I hid my face from it all to weep.

There seemed no rest, though the world was bright,
With the Autumn prime of these Christmas
days,
And I only saw on the hills of light,
The purple Autumn's gathering haze.
I only thought of a bright young face
Pressed down so close 'neath the coffin-lid,
Who lies so still in the burial place,
From our voiceless longings always hid.

So the stream sings on in its sorrowing rhyme,
With the homeless wind in the fragrant pines,
And mingles with the Christmas chime,
While the shadows creep into lengthened lines,
And waves lie deep in the sea of years,
Since the "Song of Peace" on Bethlehem's
plain ;
And a heart-break fills my eyes with tears,
For the lost who ne'er comes back again.

TRUSTS.

WHERE is the faith of early years,
That beamed with such a holy light?
All faded out 'mid shade and tears,
To darkle in a world of night;
Alas, that we should ever know
The loss of life's most precious gem;
That Doubt's dark stream keeps ebb and flow,
And we its fearful tide must stem!

As music in the distance far
Floats out, and 'mid its sweetness dies;
As melts the brightest shining star,
At rosy dawn along the skies;—
As on the petals of a flower,
The rain-drops nestle down to-day,
To vanish ere the noontide hour—
So fade our heart's fresh trusts away!

There is a flower that blooms unseen,
A star whose beams of glorious light
Shine on with changeless ray serene,
To guide us through life's darkest night;
And there is music, whose soft tones
Are not confined to ears of dust,
That cheer and bless earth's weary ones—
That flower, star, music : *Heavenly Trust !*

ONE MORE POET.

MY heart stood still amid the gathering
twilight

Of this spring day, so full of bud and bloom ;
Its glory and its beauty quickly closing,
With the sad tidings of thine early tomb.

And is it so, alas! thy life all broken,
Thy mournful harp forevermore unstrung ?
One more gone out to that mysterious country,
With whom so long my fainter lips have sung ?

One more gone out to join the dear departed
Who left us trembling in the long ago ;
One less to struggle with life's pain and fever,
One less to learn life's weary lesson through.

Year after year thy well-known name was gathered
ered

Upon the rhymers' page, beside mine own,
And I have hoped with mortal eyes to see thee,
And catch the music of some poet-tone.

But now, alas ! unknown, unknown forever,
Save in the world of song, we two shall be ;
Meeting, perchance, in the eternal city,
Both having crossed the strange and dreadful
sea.

And so the tears fall for thee, stranger poet—
That life went out with thee in manhood's
spring,
And chilly shadows over all are creeping,
Dimming the beauty of each glorious thing !

OVERTASKED.

IS this the glory crowning all my toil,
These throbbing temples, and this weary brain?
Have sleepless hours spent o'er the "midnight oil,"
But wrought for this low brow a wreath of pain?

Is he not happier who with careless heart,
And brain unwearied, hears the songs I sing?
Who knows no yearning for sweet Poesy's art;
Who never tasted from ambition's spring?

Oh, soul immortal, crying after God,
Lifting thine unfledged wings in vain, in vain!
Oh, thoughts unuttered, classic paths untrod!
Oh, heart o'erburthened with an 'unsung strain!

Oh, life too swift to quench the burning thirst!
Oh, veil too thin to keep the spirit masked!
Sweet fount of peace, from vales of beauty burst,
And bless the heart, and brain, the overtasked.

A PROPHECY.

IF I have loved thee more than heaven,
And breathed thy name instead of prayer,
And all life's fullest joy have given

With holiest keeping to thy care ;
Remember, dear, I ne'er forget

A woman's glorious, royal right,
A power inherent God hath set
To guard her from deception's blight ;
And though in agony and pain,

She finds her dearest hope is gone,
And like her Master on the plain

She weeps, forsaken and alone—
It will be only for a night.

The soul in lonely darkness cast ;
And she will rise with morning light,
And claim her victory at last :

And what for *thee* can expiate ?

To steal the jewels from God's crown

And give them then, 'twould be too late
To purchase what was once thine own ;
For only once to man is given
A love as passionate as mine ;
It will not, when once rudely riven,
Around his heart again entwine !
Thine eyes will weep, thy heart will bleed,
Thy feet will walk alone again ;
And bitterly thy soul will plead
For the lost love, in vain, in vain !

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

MY heart is full of sobs to-day,
Its music all is hushed ;
And on the opening doors of May,
Life's blossoms all lie crushed.

The light that shone with April's dawn,
Has faded out and died ;
Love with it, like a phantom gone,
And left me crucified !

No evening prayer, no morning psalm,
No whisperings of rest,
No resurrection hope, no calm
Float through my restless breast.

My baffled life stands out alone
Amid the shadows dim ;
With quivering pain, and stifled moan,
I hear Love's funeral hymn.

'Tis perished, gone ! the happy dream
Of trust, and joy, and light !
And May's sweet voices only seem
To mock my soul's deep night.

THE DEAR EYES.

WAS it the smile of the same dear eyes,
That warmed my heart with a tender
glow ?

A love-light sent from the olden ties,
To draw me back to the long ago ?

Oh, sad was the day, though bright and fair,
The golden sunshine drifted down,
In floods of glory everywhere,
O'er autumn woods, and hillsides brown,

When I saw the eyes, so like to thine—
By thin, long, dark, heavy lashes hid ;
And the tears fell fast and thick from mine,
As they shut them down 'neath the coffin-lid.

So I gaze to-day on thy stranger face,
With a beating heart, and an inward moan ;
For I see in thee a startling trace
Of the face I loved in the days ago.

I know full well they are not for me,
The smiles that ripple around thine eyes—
Like the dancing waves of the midnight sea,
'Twixt its wondrous depths, and the starry skies.

It is a dream—only a dream
That I bathe my hands in his clustering hair ?
Just for a moment, oh, let me seem
To press my lips on the brow so fair !

For they haunt me now, those wondrous eyes !
With their light and shade, and their tender
glow ;
Speak to me, Sweet ! from the far-off skies,
Ere my heart shall break with its overflow.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

SHE folded up her little hands
Upon her mother's knee ;
Who parted back her golden hair—
A picture fair to see !

And then with upturned cherub face,
She breathed her simple prayer ;
Methought in every silent space
An angel lingered there.

And round her peerless form there shone
A stream of holy light ;
Like rays that light the Eden-land,
“ Where there is no more night.”

That vesper hour ! that vesper hour
I never shall forget !
And though long years have fled away,
It lingers with me yet.

That kneeling form, that angel voice,
That mother sweet and mild !
I see them, and as then, I wish
I were a sinless child.

HEMLOCK GROVE.

ONCE more I stand within this shaded temple,

Where long ago my restless footsteps strayed,
When youth, and hope, and dreams around my
heartstrings

A siren song of sweetest music played.

I come to-day with steps grown slow and weary,

With longings after those I loved before ;
With life so real, crushing all the music
That lingers from the memories of yore.

As in the olden-time, the birds are singing

A song of welcome, in their towers of green ;
And sounds of laughter through the dim aisles
echo,

And sunshine filters down its golden sheen.

We walk through purple shades to love the sun-
shine

That the dear Hand drops down along our
way ;
Life is not starless, though the night be dreary,
Though we may seem in vain to " watch and
pray."

Each Spring may decorate this temple newly,
While I grow fainter in my earthly strength ;
But the sweet life of heaven's unfading beauty,
Will be mine own, mine own ! I know, *at*
length !

THE MAGDALEN.

IT hangs upon my chamber wall,
That sweet, sweet face, with tearful eyes,
And pensive brow, where shadows fall,
And dreamy thought in beauty lies.

No meek-eyed Mary ever bore
A fairer face than this, to me ;
No face can ever charm me more
Than this, which pleads so silently.

With folded hands and breathless heart,
I stand when life is dark, and gaze ;
And tears which blind me quickly start ;
And I grow strong for all life's ways.

These deep, deep eyes, so full of prayer,
So full of holy light and faith !
These lips which whisper to mine ear
Of victory over life, and death !

For thou hast suffered much sad one ;
And thou hast sinned, and been forgiven ;
The dear Christ loved thee through earth's
scorn,
And thou at last art safe for heaven.

So may this ever pleading face,
Uplifted to the Crucified,
Teach me each hour that heavenly grace
Of charity, that masters pride !

A SONG.

THERE'S not a song that trembles
Around my heart to-night,
But thrills with untold gladness,
And eloquent delight ;
For I have cast the shadows
Of sorrow all aside,
To let Hope's joyous music
Through all my being glide.

And there is not a tear-stain
Upon mine eyelids now,
Nor yet a shade that ruffles
The spirit's merry flow ;
Life seemeth, O, so joyous,
So blithesome and so bright,
Like some sweet dream of summer
That haunts a winter's night.

Like rosy childhood playing
Among the early flowers,
My happy heart is straying
On golden-footed hours;
And if I'm only dreaming
When I my ills forget,
Break not the blissful seeming—
Oh, do not wake me yet!

MAY-TIME.

MY heart goes Maying, and I gather flowers
Of hope, and love, and joy, dear one, for
thee ;

As through earth's paths my restless feet are
straying,

With the bright thought of what thou art to me.

And the one prayer that on my lips is breathing,

That fills my fullest heart, and life, to-day,

That these sweet flowers that life's glad May is
wreathing,

May twine around my heart and thine alway.

And when creeps on the chill of life's December,

May Love's sweet flowers still bloom fresh as
now,

And holy joy increase as we remember

The days so beautiful of long ago.

HUNGRY AND TIRED.

THEY will not come, the words to break the
stillness

Of the faint heart that waits, and droops, and
dies !

Silence forever folds her untold chillness

Through all her crushed and broken harmonies.

They will not come ! oh, perished heart, that
waited,

With all thy longings, and thy cries in vain !
Thou art like winter birds that moan unmated ;
Amid the autumn leaves and winter rain.

They will not come ! the trust and the believing ;

Love's sweetest music, and the balm of Rest !
For when Hope's wreath is brightest in the
weaving,
She drops the flowers that we love the best.

They will not come! the food the gods have
tasted,

The rest that mortals long to feel and know ;
Oh ! are these blessings given, lost, and wasted ?
Or do we only *dream they come* below ?

Hungry and tired ! how the sentence presses

Down on the heart, like marble on the grave !
They will not come ! the Love that saves and
blesses,

The Rest from all life's weariness I crave !

LIFE-TIME.

DEAR winter follows summer hours ;
And after day, the night ;
The brightest birds in woodland bowers
Sit plumed for speedy flight ;
The music that we love the best
Has sadness in its tone ;
And moments that were happiest,
On fleetest wings have flown.

Oh, time ! there's nought to satisfy
The soul, in all thy gifts ;
As thy rough waves go fleeting by,
And man upon them drifts.
We sorrow, love, we hope, and die,
"Return to God who gave,"
And what remains of you, and I ?
A faded dream, *a grave !*

IN THE SUNSHINE.

HAVE shining angels left for us
Their footprints on the meadows?
Left us awhile
Their sunny smile
To glad this world of shadows?

These sunbeams give the heart a thrill,
Like songs of hope and beauty;
And in their gleam
We fondly dream
Earth has no irksome duty.

They seem, like friendship, bright and true,
Man's choicest earthly blessing—
Like each fond word,
So gladly heard,
Of Love's first low confessing.

Dance on, bright sunbeams, gaily dance,
O'er mountain, wood, and river!
Dance to the breeze
That rocks the trees
With trembling music ever!

All this long summer afternoon
I've watched thy phantom fingers
Trace everywhere
A picture fair
That in my memory lingers!

Fold up thy net-work, golden Sun!
And call each sunbeam thither;
The summer day
Has passed away,
Grey twilight's on the heather!

“ BYE-BYE.”

BRIGHT eyes will watch at the window,
And dinner will wait till I come ;
'Tis time now to leave you, darling,
I hate to—and hasten home.

My wife don't bore me with questions,
That's one lucky thing on my side ;
She says that she trusts me truly,
As when she was first my bride.

“ Do I love her ?” Well—after a fashion,
Yes ; she is the mother, you know,
Of my two beautiful babies,
And two who lie under the snow.

“ Pretty ?” Not very ; she's faded,
There's gray in her ringlets of gold ;
She grieves for the children, and sickness
Has made her look sadder and old.

Deuce take it! a man can't be bothered
With family ties all the time!
She never was half so bewitching
As you, sweet, e'en in her prime.

But kiss me good-bye, love. What! pouting?
What! jealous of my little wife,
Who busy at home in the kitchen,
Is not half so dear to my life!

I kiss off the tears from your eyelids—
Loved eyes of such heavenly blue!
Oh, trust me, believe me forever,
My dearest! *I love only you!*

“Bye-bye!” Oh, I almost forgot it—
Here's a hundred, my birdie, my pet,
Get the lace that you liked so at Stewart's,
And be ready at eight—don't forget.

VIOLETS IN NOVEMBER.

WHAT are you doing out here in the cold,
Beautiful azure-eyed children of Spring?
Wandering and lost, like lambs from the fold?
Or have you some message of wisdom to bring?

The world is too blighting, frosty and chill,
For delicate life and bloom such as yours ;
The death dews of Autumn each chalice will fill ;
No beauty so frail its poison endures.

Sweet innocent Violets, over the world !
With hearts full of yearning freshness and
bloom ;
Oh, better by far, than to stray from the fold,
Shut your sorrowful eyes, and lay down in the
tomb !

BY THE SEA.

ALL day long the changeful sea,
Sings, and moans, and talks to me ;
Art thou crying to the shore,
For some joy that comes no more ?
What are all the wondrous things
Bound up in thy whisperings ?
Is there passion yet untold
For this hungry, famished world,
That would fill our human need,
That would be the spirit's meed ?
Are thy bright waves, fringed with light,
Singing of that home more bright,
Than this darkened earth can be,
Where there shall be no more sea " ?
Art thou wailing in despair,
That thou hast no entrance there ?
Must thou vanish quite away,
Sea ! so beautiful to-day ?

E'en the bird that dips his wings,
Flying landward, sadly sings
As if he had caught a strain
Full of sorrow and of pain.
From amid thy coral caves,
Or thy silver-crested waves ;
From thy billows, wide and deep,
Where the dear dead lie asleep ;
Comes there never a reply,
All is 'witching mystery !

When my mortal pain is gone,
When I lay life's crosses down,
And I reach the eternal shore,
Shall I talk with thee no more ?
O, in heaven, beloved sea,
I shall sigh, and pine for thee !

So they come in troops to-night,
Like the stars in yonder height—
Questions full of wild unrest,
By no faintest answer blest,
But amid thy moaning shells
Mystery forever dwells.

THE RHYME OF AN AUTUMN DAY.

THE maples are hanging their banners
Of crimson, and brown, and gold ;
And I weep, oh beautiful summer,
To hear thy requiem tolled !
The gentlest, tenderest summer—
The saddest of all my life !
The sweetest with dear home-quiet ;
The saddest with distant strife.

I hurry away from the city,
Whose dusty, noisy street,
Is crowded from morn till even,
With hurrying weary feet ;
Away to 'the woods whose silence
Broods o'er the lulling streams ;
Away where a thousand poems
Float through my restless dreams.

Oh summer, of all most real,
Alas, thou hast brought no rest ;
And fear like a cold hand presses
So heavily on my breast ;
I hear the tramp of the army,
Borne on thè breeze to-day :
Humanity's cry comes wailing ;
I only can weep, and pray.

Oh woman, so sad and helpless !
What can thy mission be here ?
To know of the wide world's sorrow,
To suffer, to weep, and to bear ?
To strive for the beautiful heaven,
Forgetting her heaviest loss ?
To kiss the thorns that pierce her,
And silently bear her cross ?

OUR LIZZIE.

AS a birdling flies from its nest away
To a South-land bright with blooms ;
Or the brilliant clouds of a summer day
Melt when the evening comes ;
Or, as the gentlest rose-leaf's fall,
When touched by the frost's chill breath—
So answered she thy meaning call,
Oh, stern, relentless Death !

I remember well her warbling tones,
Which my inmost heart has thrilled ;
Now the harp-strings loosed, and the minstrel
gone,
And the pale hands cold and stilled !
Yet the music floats on the summer air,
As I sit 'neath the white June moon,
And dream of a maiden young and fair,
And weep that she sleeps so soon.

Oh, the young, the good, the gifted, all
That best we love, must die!
The flowers wreath out their trembling pall—
Winds chant their litany ;
But the angels sing when the good of earth
Lie down in their graves to sleep ;
And they strike their harps for another birth,
In the land where they never weep.

Oh, Comforting Hand, that heals the heart!—
Thou, who alone hast power!—
The sweetness of Thy love impart
In this afflictive hour ;
And round that lonely home now throw
A light from heaven divine,
And mingle with the tears and woe,
The words: Lord, she was Thine !

LINES.

GO while the star of Hope is shining,
So brightly on the flowers that strew thy
way ;

Go, on thy bended knees reclining,
And lift thy happy heart to Heaven, and pray.

Go when Hope's star is almost clouded,
And adverse winds have borne the flowers
away ;

When all thy life with gloom is shrouded,
Go, 'tis the happiest time for thee to pray !

Go when the friends you deem the truest,
Shall chill the heart where love has held its
sway ;

And, when the friends of earth seem fewest,
Thou hast a friend in Heaven, go thou, and
pray.

Go when disease shall make life weary,
And sombre clouds hide every lingering ray ;
Go, there is rest for all the weary,
For this, thy promised rest, go thou, and pray.

SYMPATHY.

NOT all the purest joy is given
To those who love, are loved again,
Till sorrow clouds our earthly heaven,
And sympathy gives rest to pain.

She never sleeps! her watchful eye
Sees every heart that aches or bleeds;
She hears the mourner's lowest sigh,
She feels and knows our greatest needs.

She comes in silence, when our hearts
Can bear no lightly spoken word;
And all her quiet grace imparts
When sorrow's deepest founts are stirred.

On aching brows she lays her hand,
Her cool soft hand! to ease our pain;
She has not through this weary land,
Lit up her starry crown in vain.

THE SAINTED PICTURE.

MY life is like the midnight skies,
Lit by the radiance of thine eyes ;
They haunt my troubled memories,
Like thoughts that purify and bless,
And bring us peace and happiness ;
Like prayers which make us strong and brave,
That sanctify, and soothe, and save ;
A wealth of deathless love there lies
Beneath thine eyes—thy wondrous eyes !

And thou wert mine, thou poet-bird !
Those tender lips, though never stirred
By one sweet uttered human word
That I shall hear on earth again,
(For thou hast passed life's broken pain)
In trembling music yet I hear—
Those tender lips—those lips so dear !

I know the harvest moon makes light
The letters of thy name to-night,
Upon the tablet gleaming white ;
That tablet standing cold and stark,
It seems to me so false and dark ;
For in this silent face I see
The fond eyes smile again on me,
As if in living constancy,
To guard and bless me till I die !

Oh, when I saw thee dead, no tear
Dropped on the white flowers of thy bier
More fraught with anguish than mine own !
My selfish heart stood all alone ;
Thou in heaven's morn, I in earth's night,
Love passing with thee out of sight.

But looking now beyond the vail,
And hope has hushed the heart's low wail
That came and went like prayers unsaid,
When life seems crushed and words are dead,
I look upon this sweet, sweet face,
That wears its old-time love and grace,

And feel thou art forever mine,
By all on earth, by all divine ;
For thou hast loved me once, and Heaven
Will never take the gift thus given.

This picture, which I press to-day
Close to my lips, close to my heart,
Heeds not the tender words I say,
Nor yet the tears which sometimes start ;
And yet, immortal beauty lies
On lips and brow and tender eyes ;
And as the meek nun kneels at eve
Before the Virgin at her shrine,
My soul Love's grandest offering leaves
Before this sainted face of thine.

A PLEA FOR THE AGED.

O H, sweet Compassion ! lead and bless
The aged ones, whose weary feet
Have wandered long life's wilderness,
To reach the "City's golden street."

Their eyes are dimmed by many tears ;
Their hearts with sorrows overflow ;
The burdens of the sad, slow years,
None but their secret hearts may know.

Smile softly on them, Human love,
Speak tenderly, and let the light
Of youthful eyes with kindness prove,
That they are precious in your sight.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BRING me arbutus flowers all pale, and dripping,

With sweetness from the dim old leaf-strewn
aisles,

Of nature's wild cathedrals, where are tripping

Her floral fairies, in the sunbeam's smiles !

Give me these pearly gems, these waxen flowers,

Made glorious by the impress of our God ;

Whose sweet eyes open with the first spring
showers,

That bloomed in paths my early childhood trod.

And now the winter-king is softly hushing

Her noisy children, and the songs of spring

Come like glad music o'er our spirits gushing,

And dewy wreaths of hope are blossoming !

Yes, bring arbutus flowers, for with their coming

There are such thoughts of dear ones in the sky,

Who 'mong eternal flowers now are roaming,

And I shall gather with them by and by.

TUBE ROSES.

GOD sends us these from lands we know
not of,

Pure and unsullied, unperturbed, true!

Free from the passion of our human love;

Our hearts are safe to rest, dear flowers, with
you.

We lay them in the hands of those most dear;

On the white bosoms of the cherished dead;

Free gift for all life's weary children here;

God's blessing in the perfume that they shed!

NO NIGHT.

“**A**ND there shall be no night,” and tears
of sorrow

From all our eyes be kindly wiped away ;
No day made dark by dread of coming morrow ;
No shadows following the words we say.

“And there shall be no sea!” whose ceaseless
heaving

Dashes its wild waves o’er us, uncontrolled ;
Each swift-receding wave of feeling leaving
An added wound of anguish on the soul.

And “there shall be no curse!” no more un-
loving,

No weary waiting to be loved again ;
No broken friendships, such as life is proving—
No partings sweet, or worse than hopeless
pain.

Oh, how we moan for the dear dead that left
us

In the glad freshness of their love's clear light ;
Oh, how we cry to Him who hath bereft us,
For that safe home that has no sorrow's night !

We stretch our arms in vain for the departed,
Who in their beauty left us, and passed o'er
The silent flood, and we all broken-hearted
Standing alone upon the moaning shore.

No night, no sea, no tears, no curse, none weary ;
Oh, home among the stars ! oh, home so blest !
We, on the shore of life's lone stream so dreary,
Wait for one glimpse of thee, our home of rest.

It is for thee, oh, dark-robed mourner, crying
Amid thy faded hopes, and silent graves ;
Though you may hear no voice of peace replying,
He that hath bruised thee, sanctifies and saves !

BEYOND.

OF there comes in midnight dreams,
Saint-like voices, low and hushed ;
Passionless as songs of streams,

Which the morning sky has flushed ;
And I, sitting here alone,

Hear sweet voices from the skies,
Quivering like the parted tone

Of rich music ere it dies ;
Feeding the immortal springs

Of my being with new life,
Round my soul a halo flings,
Mingled not with mortal strife.

E'en the future, like a star,
Trembling in the middle air—

Draws me to the spheres afar,
Promising a welcome there ;
And the Past is like a dream,
Shadowy with its joy and woe ;

And I watch the silent stream
Unto which my footsteps go ;
I can see its ebbless tide,
But a little way before,
Where my weary feet will glide
When the march of life is o'er.

LEAVE US NOT YET.

LEAVE us not yet, oh, Summer ! bright and
glowing,
With all thy rapturous dreams of love and hope ;
With the sweet life thy fullness is bestowing,
That fills with sunshine all our being up.

Leave us not yet, oh Summer pure and holy !
Whose meek eyes gaze on me from 'far to-night ;
Still lead us on, although the way be lowly,
And the dim tears may almost cloud our sight.

Leave us not yet, oh Summer, golden-hearted !
With all thy song and beauty, bud and bloom ;
Take them not yet, lest, all we love departed—
We sit like mourners in the winter's gloom.

I know the Autumn, with its richer beauty,
Will scatter all the dreams which thou hast
brought ;

And the drear Winter, with its sterner duty,
Will bring forgetfulness which thou hast not.

But, oh, not yet dispel these holy dreamings,
That seem like pearls strung from the dear,
dear Past,
Broken, alas ! forever—they were only seemings—
Rolled out ungathered in the dark at last !

So we who journey toward the great white heaven,
Must walk with shadows creeping by our side ;
However hoping, longing, morn and even,
For the sweet days so tender, that have died !

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

A LINE for thine album, dear Mary ?
Oh, what shall I write, love, for thee,
Whose songs, sweet as music from Eden—
Have been so delightful to me ?
Perhaps there has never a shadow
Crept over thy breast, gentle girl,
And it sleeps in its own blissful dreamings,
Unsullied and pure as a pearl.

And perhaps some bright angel has braided
Thy infancy, childhood, and youth,
In love-wreaths that never have faded,
Or lost the sweet freshness of truth ;
And hours like the sunbeams have parted,
The mist that hung over life's ways,
And laughed back the tears when they started,
And led thee down softly life's maze.

I would thou wert ever as joyous,
As happy and trusting as now,
That shadows of sorrow lie lightly
Across thy young innocent brow;
But more do I wish for thee ever,
Calm strength for thy heart, from above,
To meet with life's earnest endeavor,
Whatever thy future may prove.

LEAVES.

THEY are falling slowing over the world,
Silent and sure as the autumn hours !
Dropping away to a fragrant mould.

And fade from sight like summer's flowers.

They are floating away on the moaning tide,
Kissed and hidden by sighing waves,
Like the blessed human loves that died,
Whose lips we've touched by wayside graves.

We are summer leaves ! we are fading all ;
We float away on the stream of time ;
Some of us toss on the storms that fall ;
Some float off like a summer rhyme.

They are dropping slowly over the world,
Cherished and fond ones, great and small ;
Only a tale that is quickly told,
And our lips are mute through the heart's wild
call !

UNBELOVED.

YES, it is over, the sweet dream is ended !
Thy heart and mine are more than strangers
now ;

There are such bitter memories with it blended,
With tearful eyes I give thee back thy vow.

Thou canst not mate with one whose love is burn-
ing

Its own dear idol on the vestal shrine ;
Whose high proud heart would be forever turning
To life's intensity its all, like mine.

Thou art of calmer mould; thine eye ne'er bright-
ens

At my quick footsteps, though we rarely meet ;
Thy hand when clasped in mine ne'er thrills, and
tightens—

At my fond words, though they be ne'er so
sweet.

Thou ne'er didst love me ! how this thought has
chilled me

Like the cold hand of Death upon the brow ;
All the sweet joy that in the old-time thrilled me,
Has lost the light and music of its flow !

The eyes that watched for thee are vainly weep-
ing,

Not for my own heart's pain, this love has cost ;
But oh, for thee, when thou shalt wake from
sleeping,

And seek in vain the treasure thou hast lost.

For I have loved thee ! given thee sweetest rhym-
ings

That sing unanswered through a mortal's
breast ;

Now they have melted to funereal chimings,
Yet in the pain of loving found no rest.

Alas for human hearts that are forever dying,
With watching, waiting for love's tender words ;
Wasting their music with a helpless crying,
Like the lost carols of unmated birds !

THE GIFT OF SONG.

THE gift of song ! who would not feel
The thrilling of a poet-heart ?
The joy where angels set their seal,
The fount where love and beauty start !
I have not that delicious art,
To trill my lyre in numbers sweet,
To vibrate softly through the heart
With poesy and joy replete.

But if a thousand worlds were mine,
And all more brilliant than our earth,
The gift of song were more divine—
I'd give them to possess its worth !
Untaught and wild the songs I sing,
No genius high enstamps my brow ;
A humble votive now I bring,
A wild refrain, breathed soft and low.

But he who soars a heavenward flight
Through the green bowers of poesy—
That paints from thence Promethean light,
O'er scenes most beautiful to me—
Sends to my heart a charm divine ;
And in life's golden chalice pours
Ambrosial draughts, 'round which entwine
Wreaths everlasting, fadeless flowers !

The moon that trembles o'er the sea,
The winds that on the uplands blow,
The flowers that blossom on the lea,
The woods, and rocks, the brooklets flow—
With gushing beauty fill my soul,
With joy that I can never sing ;
My longings are beyond control—
A tameless bird with broken wing !

WHY ?

DO not teach my heart to love thee,
With thy tender words and tone ;
Turn me not from life's endeavor ;
Leave me with my cross alone.

On the sea of change and sorrow,
Through the dark I've drifted far,
From Love's shores of human sunshine,
Clinging to life's broken spar.

Why recall the life so wasted,
That is nearing Peace at last ;
That has learned to wait, and suffer,
Reconciled to what is past ?

Why call back the longing spirit
To those flowery shores again ;
Where the blossoms fade with plucking,
And the thorns alone remain ?

Teach, oh, teach me not to love thee ;
 Turn away thy searching eyes ;
Lest they win me with their beauty,
 From the fairness of the skies.

WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

WE who have walked life's pleasant vales
together

Must now walk separate paths, and far apart ;
Thy feet will tread on fadeless flowers in heaven ;
Mine through earth's darkness with a weary
heart.

And I shall come at evening when the shadows
Are gathering over scenes to both so dear ;
And crushing back the tears of unsubmission,
Breathe out wild prayers that none but God
will hear.

And I shall gird my armor for life's battle,
For earth's rude friction, and Death's heaving
sea ;
For over all thy pale hand now is reaching,
And beckoning like an angel unto me.

Sleep while the red light of the autumn waneth,
And drifts her clouds of gold and crimson leaves ;
Sleep till the Resurrection morn ! while memory
Her deathless wreath around our spirit weaves.

Rest poet-friend ! thy cool soft grave is guarded ;
An angel sitteth o'er the fragrant mold ;
Rest, weary one ! an eye above thee watcheth,
That never sleeps, nor yet forsakes His fold.

And shall we mourn thee, beautiful departed,
Whose bright barque moved so noiselessly from
shore,

Like a lit sea-wave that a zephyr started,
To come back sighing earthward never-more ?

For thee, whose earthly songs were hushed so early,
Whose poet-harp chimes heavenly music now ;
Mourn that thy feet, grown weary, wandered out-
ward

“ Into green pastures, where still waters flow ? ”

Sigh on, ye winds of autumn ! sing your dirges ;
Like a wild chant ye charm my spirit now,

To which my feet grow strong and firm with
marching

Down to the river's edge, toward which they go.

Peace, restless soul ! Faith like an angel bids thee

Wipe off the baptism of eternal tears ;

Lift up the wings that sadly droop with mourn-
ing,

And wait with patience ; God holds all thy
years !

OLD MEMORIES.

LIKE a golden gleam of sunlight,
Glistening o'er the icy trees,
Where have danced the summer leaflets,
To the music of the breeze,
Are the dreams of childhood's summer,
To the aged, weary heart,
Bringing back the home-lit circle,
Where ten thousand memories start.

Blest those memories! though they sadly
Leave an impress on the soul;
Yet like way-marks on our pathway,
Cheer us to our future goal.
Blest those memories! though they chase us
Through the flight of passing years;
On their track they leave a lovelight,
Where may flow our mournful tears.

How around the choicest tendrils
Of our hearts they careless play ;
Like a soft and gentle zephyr,
Sporting 'mid the locks of grey—
Holding there a sweet communion,
With our secret hearts alone ;
Bringing back familiar faces,
Long-loved scenes forever gone !

MUSIC.

WHEN the crimson morning peeps
O'er the hills and mountain steeps ;
And at Noon's bright, stilly hour,
Music, let me feel thy power !
And when Night, with noiseless step,
Comes to lull the flowers to sleep,
Scattering moonlight o'er the sea—
Charm me with thy melody !

There is music in the stream,
Blending with the poet's dream ;
In the woods, and on the air ;
Music, music everywhere !

Stars—ye that together sing ;
Birds that carol on the wing ;

Tell this yearning, longing heart,
Music, tell me what thou art !
For no other power so blest,
Lulling weary hearts to rest,
Softening sorrow, soothing woe,
As thy numbers sweetly flow.

Give me music when I die,
Soft as summer's leafy sigh ;
Spirit-music, low and dear,
Such as angels list to hear.

AT THE GRAVE OF MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE was strange music in the leaves
As I, a mourner, paused to tread
Where Autumn tint a glory weaves,
In silent tribute to the dead !
And oh, methought an angel paused
Beside me there, to touch the wires,
Till thrilling melodies from heaven,
Came quivering from a thousand lyres.

All tremblingly my feet were pressed
To the green grave of one whose song
And love dwelt in my breast,
With tender friendship, deep and strong.
And, bending o'er that silent mound,
Where maples drop their leaves like tears,
I folded back the drapery
Of mist, that hid the faded years.

And then I heard her harp again,
I heard her step along the walk,
And listened with a longing pain
To hear again her pleasant talk,
As when I heard, and saw her last,
In the cool quiet of her home,
And parting held my hand so fast,
Without one shadowy thought of gloom.

Sister of song! whose harp was tuned
To the sweet sounds thy spirit heard,
Say, dost thou know how that dear hour
Hath all my restless heart-strings stirred?
We shall not meet on earth I know,
Thou wilt not press my hand in thine,
Yet, still thy soothing members' flow,
Go answering back this heart of mine!

I PRAY FOR THEE AT NIGHT-FALL.

I PRAY for thee at night-fall ;
There is no hour so sweet
As when the golden daylight
And evening shadows meet ;
For those we prize so dearly,
Seem nearer by our side ;
The dear ones God has spared us,
The loved ones who have died.

The quiet hours of night-fall
Are free from earthly care ;
And sounds of heaven steal o'er us,
The music of a prayer ;
And as the dewy rose-bud
Folds in her beauteous leaves,
My spirit-love enfolds thee,
For thee a casket weaves.

I praise Him in the night-fall,
For thy dear love to me ;
The purest star that ever
Shone o'er life's troubled sea ;
These breathings of devotion,
The ave-song and hymn,
I give to thee forever,
Till life's brief day grows dim.

THOU ART AWAY.

THOU art away, beloved ! no music trilling
Its softest, sweetest notes around my heart,
Can chase away the memories dear and thrilling,
That linger round thee, absent though thou art.

I have no hope in life, but there is blended
Some thought of thee, a ray serenely pure ;
No hope of life beyond, our wanderings ended—
But whispers that our love will still endure,

I hope beyond the grave ! with one thought only
Is doubt of peace beyond the river's swell ;
'Tis that, while on earth I wandered lonely,
I met and loved, aye, worshiped thee too well !

Is this vain worship, that like some evangel
Has breathed a sweetness through my very
soul ?

Tell me, oh Truth, thou never-erring angel—
Have mortals over love a calm control ?

Tell me, if in the land of fadeless flowers,
Where fountains of all happiness impart
Their glorious beauty o'er celestial bowers,
Will love-ties e'er be riven from the heart?

And loves, that earnest spirits here may cherish,
Oh, will they die, like flowers of earthly bloom?
If this be so, how gladly would I perish
To live no more beyond the narrow tomb.

I would be with thee now, my own true-hearted!
My Beautiful! I would that thou wert here;
But even though by weary distance parted,
I feel the presence of thy spirit near.

I hear thy voice among the leaves at even,
When fairies dance beneath the moon-lit sky;
In every breeze, like music-tones from heaven—
Tones like thine own, go floating sweetly by.

I hear my name from thy dear lips come breath-
ing,
When the bright dew is on the nodding flowers;
And thy warm kiss around my cheek is wreathing
A holy sweetness with the starry hours.

Each morn and noon, and at the shadowy vesper,
I fold my hands in silent prayer for thee ;
That God will guard thee, and the angels whisper
Wooing thy spirit's presence back to me.

ANTICIPATION.

EARTH is not cold, nor dreary now,
Since thy sweet love lies o'er my way,
And I forget beneath its glow,
Where all life's lingering shadows stay.

Thought after thought goes after thee,
My hopes and dreams, I give thee all ;
As one by one, sure, silently,
The Summer's blooming rose-leaves fall.

For thou hast made a summer-time
Of endless bloom within my heart ;
I cannot weave in simple rhyme,
The joy thy worship doth impart.

Low prophet-whispers hour by hour,
Like some rich symphony repeat,

Till I exist by their sweet power—

“ We soon shall meet !” “ we soon shall meet !”

Oh, that dear hope, all rainbow-hued—

Hath stilled my life's unrest and pain ;

My waking hours are all bedewed

With hopes that we shall meet again !

SLAIN.

HE has murdered my love ! it is dead, it is
dead !

Lying passionless, perished, chilly and stark !
Like a flower that has royally lifted its head,
And, suddenly severed, lies crushed in the dark.
Oh, mother of sorrow ! in pity say why
The great tide of womanhood thus should be
chilled ;
Why may we not fold up our pale hands and die,
Ere the music of life in our hearts has been
stilled ?

A dream may repeat itself ; this is no dream !
No flashes of light will appear on the hearth ;
The ashes are white, and too surely they seem
To scatter themselves all over my path.

Perhaps we shall meet again over the sea
That is deepest, and fearfully, billowy cold—
But never again will there come back to me,
The love that he murdered, my heart knew of
old!

REVERIE.

STANDING here within the casement,
Where we stood last winter-time ;
Thinking of the year's sad changes,
Weaving fancies into rhyme.

All the loved and lost that left us
For the world far out of sight,
Seem to come with tender presence,
With the old-time love to-night.

And we watch the feathery snow-fall,
Pure as the last kiss they gave—
Knowing how it coldly flutters,
Down upon the lonely grave.

Sweet to turn from life's wild tumult,
From its mourning and unrest ;
And to know no heavier burden
Than the snow-flakes on our breast.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

BLEST angel of Love! methinks thou art
here,

Scattering thy flowers where the Beautiful
sleeps ;

Affection has left in each chalice a tear,

A symbol of that which our memory keeps.

Wave lightly ye blossoms ! thy delicate sheen

Has caught the bright beauty and glory of love ;

The hands that have mingled thy petals with
green,

Have nursed the fair flowers that are blooming
above.

The shadows that creep here the long summer
day,

Remind me of footprints the mourners have left ,

Though faith may be shining all over life's way,

The shadows of sorrow hang o'er the bereft.

All freighted with music from southlands have
 come,
The birds of the greenwood to weave their soft
 nest ;
To lighten the darkness and lingering gloom,
And wave their bright wings where treasured
 ones rest.

Oh, fair is the garden where blossoms above
Our dear buds of promise, that wither on earth ;
For Jesus sheds o'er them his infinite love,
And carefully guards every petal of worth.

Sing softly, my lyre! the gifted and good,
The treasures of hearts that are bleeding, lie
 here ;
And let not the song of a stranger intrude,
For it trembles with hope, and is sung with a
 tear.

KISSES.

HE presses kisses on my brow,
As softly as the rain-drop's fall ;
Like fragrant blossoms of the spring,
And sweeter, sweeter than them all !
And fresher, purer than the winds
That lift the petals of the flowers ;
They gladden all my fevered life
With new and renovating powers.

Sweet kisses from the lips I love,
Strung on the heart's most tender chords,
Like pearls, that tremble with my joy,
Too beautiful for human words !
So press them ever on my brow,
They soothe the pain that's throbbing there,
They are the richest diadem
My woman's soul aspires to wear !

A MIDNIGHT RHYME.

O H, darkened heart, whose hopes of yore
Came dancing gaily unto me,
And like the laughing waves of sea,
Lost all their music on the shore !

Oh, lonely heart, whose early loves
Sang sweeter than the birds of spring
Sing, with the first flowers' opening ;
Now moaning like a widowed dove !

Oh, aged heart ! the little years
That passed o'er thee are swift and few ;
Dead all youth's fragrance and its dew ;
Its light all quenched in midnight tears.

Oh, weary heart ! that sits and waits,
And longs for something yet to come ;

For light, and love, and hope, and home,
For rest beyond the "golden gates."

Oh, thankless heart! alas for thee!
Be patient till the day is done!
The glory of the setting sun
Shall shine across the jasper sea.

Oh, hush, proud heart! what hast thou done?
Be patient, for thy weary beat
Is playing marches for the feet
That bear the cross, to gain the crown.

Be strong, oh, suffering heart, and brave!
The stars beyond the darkness shine;
Thou'lt be immortal, soul of mine,
In thy fair home beyond the grave!

LINES TO ANNA M. BATES.

NOW, while the low winds murmur sadly,
And moonbeams shine athwart the lonely
 sea,
And stars from out their depths are smiling gladly,
I come in dreams of poesy to thee.

As on some stranger shore a bird repining
 To rest a weary wing within its nest,
My eager heart around thy form is twining,
And in thy gentle love I fain would rest.

Out from the shadows of the past are peering
 Forms, some as bright as poets see in dreams ;
And to mine ear come whispered words endearing,
 Whose love-light fills my soul with hallowed
 beams.

Yet thine the form that comes to me the nearest,
Thine are the lips that fondest press to mine ;
The happiest smile, the tenderest word, and dearest,
That thrill my soul to-night, dear one, are thine.

Oh, may thy hymnings, like a crystal river,
Giving sweet music on its pebbly way,
Swell on our listening ear their tones forever,
And guide thy life-bark to a brighter day !

DREAM ON.

DREAM on, nor let the minstrel's tread
Disturb thy slumbers now ;
That Peace may her sweet blessing shed,
Around thy youthful brow.
For oh, not long may mortals rest,
In this brief world of care ;
And sleeping hours are happiest,
If dreams of love be there.

Dream on, perchance thy lost come back,
The loved of long ago ;
And forms of joy, on memory's track,
Float softly to and fro.
Enjoy thy rest, we would not fright
Thy angel-guests away,
While 'neath the midnight's starry light,
We chant or simple lay.

But like the night wind's lowly rhyme,
 Around thy casement now ;
We breathe to thee our parting hymn,
 Our blessing ere we go.
Dream on, dream on ! may angels keep
 Thee guard by night and day,
Till thou shalt sleep thy dreamless sleep,
 Then rest in heaven alway.

SCHOOL'S OUT.

THERE'S a sound of distant laughter
From the children at their play ;
And the echoes follow after,
Through the rocks and glens away.
Rosy childhood ! rosy childhood !
How I love thy guiltless mirth ;
Fairer than the flowery wildwood
Is thy sinless course on earth !

Dearer than old tales of fiction
Are their tell-tale faces now,
And an angel's benediction
Seems to rest on every brow.
And their little raptured faces
'Mind me of the young Christ-child,
And I sigh that through life's mazes
They must tread, and be defiled.

Darling children ! in life's morning,
In life's fresh and dewy spring—
I will not, with one sad warning,
To your trusting spirits bring
Doubts, or thoughts that life now golden,
Will not be thus bright alway ;
These are tales too sad and olden ;
Laugh, glad children, while you may !

THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

COME, spirit, while the evening light is weaving
ing

Its crimson folds along the western sky ;
And golden bars of sunlight all are leaving
Their trysting-places on the mountains high.

Come back to me, the shadowy clouds are wreathing
ing

Their glorious images, like poet's dreams ;
And voiceless prayers our inmost lives are breathing,
ing,

As wave meets wave along the silent streams.

Come ! 'tis the vesper hour ! I would be holding
A secret worship now, dear love, with thee,
While children's rosy hands are meekly folding .
For evening prayers, upon a mother's knee.

To poet-thoughts to-night I fain would listen,
That ever throng thy soul, more fair and bright
Than worlds of stars, that o'er us softly glisten—
My spirit yearns for that Promethean light.

Say, hearest thou not my restless spirit calling
For thine, O poet! from the land of dreams,
While night's dim drapery around is falling,
And silent stars send down their silvery beams?

Ah, sweeter were they than Provencial roses,
Those flowers of thought we gathered long ago!
Thine is the heart where happiness reposes,
And sacred streams of Love go murmuring
through!

UNDER THE SNOW-DRIFTS.

UNDER the snow-drifts, chilly and deep,
Our beautiful lily-bud lies asleep ;
Velvety hands that were warm and soft,
Dear little cheeks we have kissed so oft,
Red cooing lips we delighted to hear,
All lying dead with the flowers of last year.

Out in that world where flowers never fade,
Where never a grave, or snow-drift is made
Music of lips, and beauty of face,
Deepen forever with infinite grace ;
Beautiful world ! we do not know where—
Shelter of safety ! our Beulah is there !

HOPE.

HOPE is a paradise-bird ! and she sings
Down in the depths of each desolate
heart ;

Over them folding her beautiful wings,

Blending her smiles with their tears when they
start ;

Lighting our passage-way down to the tomb,

Sweet is her ministry, lovely her guise !

Ah ! she is wooing us up to our home ;

Promising weary ones rest in the skies.

ON THE DEATH OF O. D. SEYMOUR, JR.

I HEARD how the billowy deeps, and the
night

Of sorrow, and anguish, and desolate pain,
Had hushed all the music, and dimmed all the
light

In the home that had blessed me again and
again.

Oh, where was the promising light of the sky?

Looking upward the shadows were dreadful
instead.

"Eternal Compassion, have mercy!" cried I;

No answer came back, save the one, "He is
dead."

He is dead! while the flowers of summer still
bloom,

And Autumn, great mourner, weeps over his
heart ;

Yet memory will bring us a sweeter perfume,
To bless our sad hours, than earth's roses
impart.

We know there is Rest in the beautiful land,
Where the night never comes, with sorrow or
tears ;

And over the river his welcoming hand
Is beckoning forever to silence our fears.

The winter of sorrow is cold while we wait
To grasp the dear hands that are warm in
the Fold ;

But never a chill enters in through the gate,
Where he passed in his beauty to "cities of
gold."

NEWSBOYS.

SURELY as the cool of evening
Follows on the day of heat,
And the dew his diamonds scatters
On the city's dusty street ;
Just so surely comes the calling,
Through the bustle and the noise,
Here and there, like echoes falling—
From these restless wandering boys.

Oft I've met them on the pavement
As they sped along their way,
Listening to the earnest singing
Of their tireless business lay.
So together each pursuing,
Some accepted, favorite dream,
We are only weary travelers,

Floating down life's rapid stream !
And I look with interest often
On each little upturned face,
Seeking if the inward spirit
Left not there some outward trace ;
And one's eyes reflected sunshine
From the founts of mirth and joy,
And my heart beat quicker, gladder,
For that merry-hearted boy.

Then a few more steps would lead me
To another face, perchance,
Where a saddened heart was speaking
Of its grief in every glance ;
Telling that life's stern endeavor
Brought its suffering to his heart,
And that earnest toil had early
Left with him its endless smart !

Oh the care that crushes children
With its weight, in tender years,
Robbing them of childhood's sunshine,
Giving back a tide of tears ;

Drowning all the music-laughter,
With their surging ebb and flow !
Oh, the blight that follows after—
Would to God it were not so !

A FRAGMENT.

SAD that the world so beautifully bright—
Should have one cloud to mar its holy light !
Sad too, that man has lived, has fallen, died !
That change still bears him on its restless tide.

What is the soul ? it wanders after God,
And all his works, through paths mysterious, trod
By millions o'er and o'er, yet understood
Not here, save that He is most wise and good !

“ THINE TO THE END.”

“**T**HINE to the end!” mine own to love and
cherish,

My friend in blessing, mine in happiest hours ;
When life grows weary and its sweet hopes perish,
And sorrow's cloud of darkness o'er me lowers.

Mine, mine ! God bless thee for the sweet words
spoken

When the worn heart most needed healing
balm ;
When life's great sea of joy seemed wild and
broken,
And moaned in vain for light and holy calm.

“ Thine to the end !” I hear thy dear lips saying,
Though we are parted now by land and sea ;

“Thine to the end !” my heart is ever praying
The boon of lengthened life for thee and me !

For well I know the path of sternest duty,
If lighted by thy truthfulness, loved friend,
Would be to me a path of peace and beauty ;
And I should hear sweet music “to the end.”

We may not meet again this side the river,
Whose shoreless waters sing to me to-day ;
Yet, knowing thou wert true to me forever,
Would take the bitterness of death away !

ALWAYS TIRED.

I'M tired of dreams when the night is gone ;
And tired of work when night comes on ;
Of the glare, and heat, and feverish strife,
That crowd the days of my little life.

Weary of work, more weary of play—
Of watching the swift hours pass away ;
Weary of asking and wondering why
The good God made us to live and die.

Weary of asking, pleading in vain
For the blessing I never shall know again ;
For the love of a life so strong and brave,
The beat of a heart asleep in the grave.

Oh, peace to the hearts that at rest to day
Lie where the shadows of summer play !

Life's agony over, why should *we* weep
For those who lie dreamless, in safety asleep?

Threads that are golden lie thickly between
Our weary hearts and the world unseen ;
They draw us hence with a stronger power
Than the gilded charms of this passing hour.

And out from the far Beyond there swells
A sweeter sound than the chime of bells ;
The earth-bound soul as he lists inspired,
Writhes enchained and moans, " I'm tired !"

Ah ! the wintry earth—how it smiles again,
With flowers and fruit, and the golden grain !
But you, poor heart, must hush your cry,
And bear your pain, though you may die.

For its bloom is past, its summer died ;
Its dearest hopes lie crucified,
And its tenderest ties are rudely riven—
Life brings no spring this side of heaven.

Oh, tired of work, and tired of play !
Of watching the sad hours go away !
Of unspoken thoughts, till the brain is fired ;
And the whole heart whispers, *I'm so tired* ' .

I WILL BE TRUE TO THEE.

THE golden dream of life may fade,
And joyous hopes may die ;
And round thy path the darkest shade
Of care and sorrow lie ;
And friends may thy frail bark forsake
On Time's most treacherous sea ;
I'll love thee still for thy sweet sake,
I will be true to thee.

As in the present, and the past,
My heart will cling to thine ;
So through each change around thee cast
Oh, trust this heart of mine ;
And when in hours of weariness,
Thine own beats wearily,
And there are none to love and bless,
I will be true to thee.

And when our feet shall tread the verge
That borders Death's dark stream,
Our souls in sweetest life shall merge
To joys beyond earth's dream.
So twining through the web of life,
One golden thread I see ;
One peace-branch on earth's sea of strife,
That I am true to thee !

A JUNE MEMORY.

IN the fresh June-time, ere the roses break
In blushing beauty from their emerald buds,
And the low winds in softest numbers wake,
Like spirit-harps among the flowers and woods,
And the red clover blushes at their kiss,
And the wild bee goes humming thro' the air,
And song and fragrance, and sweet happiness,
Float like a cloud of incense everywhere—
Thus in the June-time of the glowing year
We met, with Hope's sweet blossoms in our
hearts,
And the soft hand of gladness stayed the tear,
The dimming tear, that with life's changes
starts.

Now, in the June-time, in my silent room,
That memory comes back again to me,

And sheds around me all the old-time bloom,
And low winds whisper, "*I am true to thee.*"
As the red leaves in all their sweetness lie,
Close-folded in the roses' hearts to-day,
So fragrant memories, as the June hours fly—
Lie closely in my heart of hearts alway ;
And though we meet no more this side the grave,
Thy hand no more in friendship pressed in
mine,
On life's dark sea there'll be one sun-lit wave,
Radiant with pleasure it will ever shine.

ALAS !

IS it a dream that I have loved thee so ?
A phantom I have chased with wild delight,
That strange bewildering joy, this hidden woe,
That glorious morning light, this starless night ?

Why hast thou perished, beautiful, my own !
My heart's fixed star, my inspiration, all !
See'st thou the midnight o'er my spirit thrown ?
Hearest thou the moaning of my lone heart's
call ?

Ah, the low music of remembered words
Thy lips have spoken in the years ago,
Come back to me like songs of early birds,
E'en while the summer of my life is flown.

Thy meek eyes gaze upon me tenderly,
While into mine the tears of anguish start ;

For I remember how this soft spring sky,
Smiles into bloom the myrtles on thy heart.

Oh, would that these were dreams, these hopeless
hours.

That waste away the life with hidden sighs ;
These memories of the past, these faded flowers !
Alas, alas ! they are realities.

A WINTER DREAM OF SUMMER.

I SIT in the gathering twilight,
And dream of the summer days,
With their wealth of buds and blossoms
And myriad songs of praise.

And I close my eyes to listen,
Not to the wild wind's song,
As he raps my frosty casement,
With hands so loud and strong.

Not of the path so lonely,
Up by the mountain's side ;
Where the merry boys are shouting,
As over the snow they glide.

A dream of the dear old summer
Comes back with its light to me ;
And I seem to hear the murmur
Of the great and wondrous sea !

Oh, sea, with your sighs and laughter !

Will you haunt me evermore,
With the voice that followed after
I left thy dreamy shore ?

That summer of light and beauty
Still warms this wintry night,
And softens every duty,
And makes each burden light !

Oh, life ! so sweet and holy,
So full of joy and love !
A promise leading slowly,
To the great Rest above.

“WRITE IN MY ALBUM.”

I KNOW not what to write for thee,
This wild, tempestuous night ;
As dreamily beside the grate,
I watch the flickering light.

For sitting by the hearth so warm,
With quiet comfort blest,
I ask if the dear Shepherd's arm
Will give life's wanderers rest.

For out upon the wintry world,
God's weary children roam,
Blighted at heart with dark and cold,
Without a friend or home.

From some glad eyes there comes a smile,
From many tear-drops fall ;
And yet the Father all the while,
Keeps watch above them all !

And thoughts of human suffering
Surge o'er me, sad and strong;
And all the weariness they bring
Has hushed the up springing song!

So not to-night, my little friend,
Your album words I'll write;
My thoughts, like these poor embers, end
In ashes, still and white.

BETWEEN THE CLOUDS.

YES, I am dying with the light and beauty
That has been gilding all this fruitful
year !

From all life's bitterness—the cross of duty—

I turn to-day without a sigh or tear.

Life, more than death, makes sadly vacant
places

That chill our hearts, or make us wish to die ;

'Tis not the grave alone that hides dear faces,

And shatters all the spirit's harmony.

The autumn leaves, like gorgeous plumage falling,

Drop not more softly on yon stream to-day,

Than the sweet voices that to me are calling,

To turn from all life's winter-chill away.

I feel the flush and the unrest of fever,

On heart and brain, on wearied pulse and
brow ;

And the dread chill which follows after ever,
Leaving the tides of being ebbing low.

And when the robins chant their matins over,
In the first gush of next year's welcome spring,
And the gay bee hangs on the honeyed clover,
And fragrant woods and fields are blossoming,
One heart the less will thrill at their returning,
In the deep silence of its dreamless sleep ;
No fires of life's intensity be burning
With throbs of pain, and weary eyes that
weep.

Oh, earth ! so full of beauty, e'en thy crosses
Could not estrange my wondrous love for
thee !
Amid my human needs, my heart's deep losses,
Thou wert my soul's unfailing poesy.
Thou, thou wert true, thy glory all unblemished,
When mortals failed me, in life's bitter pain,
I turned to thee, like one aweary, famished,
I turned to thee, and never yet in vain !

TEMPTED.

O H, what to me are words that fill,
My woman's heart with throbs of bliss?
Or fond caresses, that can thrill
With momentary happiness?
Or promises, whose joy and light
Shut out the holy light of heaven;
That only lead me where the night
Has not one golden star of even?

Sweet Mother of my tempted soul!
Sweet woman, with thy face divine—
Come now, and let thy love control
This weak and longing soul of mine.
Thou knowest how thy weary child
Has longed and suffered all these years,
The yearnings for affection wild,
The lonely nights of pain and tears.

The hopes, so sweet! that early died—

The faded dreams, thou knowest them all—

Oh, let not love unsanctified

By thine approval, on me fall.

So in the fullness of thy love,

The greatness of thy woman's strength,

Look in thy mercy from above,

And lead me safe to peace at length.

BY-AND-BY.

I WAIT, dear love, on the sea so wide—
Till the threatening storm from my life is past,
With the cheering hope that side by side
Our sheltered life-barks rest at last.

I shall toss no more on the drifting sea,
With my eager cry, and my hopeless wail,
And the voiceless love that breathes to thee,
With yearnings wild as the restless gale.

Oh, the fearful burdens, iron hands—
That hold my mortal life with care!
And Poverty, whose bony hands
Clutch at the heart with fierce despair!

They have made me old in my early years,
And saddest mid the scenes most glad;

And chased away my smiles with tears,
And clouded every joy I've had !

But I wait, dear love, till the storm be past,
For the sun to shine in a cloudless sky ;
Till side by side our barks be cast,
To rest for ever, by-and-by !

BITTER-SWEET.

HE loves me yet, that sainted one—
That perished in life's summer-time,
Who left me standing here alone,
To breathe this simple, untaught rhyme.
I know not if he sleeps, or if
He walks above the stars in light;
Or if with me he dwells unseen,
To guide my erring feet aright.

It is no changeeful dream that comes
To perish like an autumn day;
No phantom which I cannot clasp
Before it vanish quite away;
But in my inmost soul I know
He loves me fondly as of yore;
This blessed thought is joy enough;
In life, or death, I ask no more.

THE AUTUMN WIND.

HOW the chilly winds of Autumn
Sob and sigh around my door !
And the dropping leaves are whispering
Of the joys that died of yore ;
Of the voice that spake so softly,
Of the soft, caressing hand,
And the eyes, so deep and tender—
All that love can understand !

How the dear, dear days of summer
Fled away like golden clouds,
And the heart's bright sky at sunset
Wreathed itself in sable shrouds.
They are gone, alas ! forever ;
Friend and summer ! and alone
Now I walk amid the shadows,
Listening to the sad wind's tone !

List! it sings a miserere
Over Memory's cheerless urn ;
O'er the fading of the glory
Where the lonely heart may turn.
So it sobs, and sighs, and whispers,
Like a homesick heart in pain,
Wailing out the perished passion
That will never live again.

Golden summer! all thy beauty
Gone forever to the past!
Clasp me in thy deathless memory,
Hold me, bless me to the last!
Till the white tents in the distance
Gleam out from the farther shore,
And I know I shall find shelter,
That shall fail me never more.

THE FLOWER IN THE SNOW.

AH me! 'tis almost winter, and the snow
Has three times fluttered 'round my win-
dow-pane,

And homeless winds upon the uplands blow,
And all the trees stand leafless on the plain.

What dost thou here, dear little stranger, now?

I found thee blooming on a cherished grave,

Where the dead grasses o'er a treasure wave,
And the cold moonlight flickers to and fro.

Did some fair angel on his pinions bright,
While keeping guard, waft thee from flowery lands
Where blooms ne'er fade—the great eternal
height?

Wert ever culled and twined by seraph's hands

To some sweet harp whose tones of slow delight
Were tuned in unison to songs of heavenly bands?

But thou art withering, 'tis true, alas!—

My earthly touch hath made thee droop and
fade!

Oh, will this vile mortality soon pass

To bloom eternal, out of cold and shade?

For how I long to fling aside this mass

Of sure decay that to my being clings,

And find my counterpart with fadeless things;

Long to be free from life's deceitful farce!

Lead me, dear Father! where the sinless are,

And make me pure, that spirits may not shrink

Away in fear when on their shores, so fair,

I shall have passed beyond Death's silent brink!

Dear dying flower, the chain that binds me
there

Shall find in thee another beauteous link.

ACROSTIC.

AH ! what achievement has this human life,
Richer with glory when this life is past,
Than mastery of self amid earth's strife
Hearing the welcome words of recompense at last,
Uttered from lips divine, the blessing won ?
Reward and victory ! “ *Thou hast well done !* ”

THE SILENT ROOM.

THE smile has died on each pictured face
That hangs to-day on the ghostly wall,
Open the casement, and give place
For the sun's bright light, and warmth to fall.

Oh, the chill of this shadowy room!

All hushed with fear my heart stands still;
The painful years, with their darkening gloom
Come throb by throb each space to fill.

There's a sad despair in each tender eye,
And a heart-break lies on the mute white lips;
No brightening gold in the tresses lie,
Silent and dim with Death's eclipse.

Why in this beautiful world of light,
Where hearts are glad, and loves so sweet,

Must shame and sorrow, and death and blight,
Crush out and wound with reckless feet?

And why to-day in this silent room,
Once made so bright with love's low talk,
And trusts as sweet as heaven's own bloom
Should only ghostly shadows walk?

The hearts are broken, and low in death
The folded hands lie pressed with pain;
The dust lies on the bridal wreath—
The same old story told again!

So close the casement, lest once more
Return the light, and joy, and bliss;
And other hearts be crushed and sore,
And come to silence such as this!

MONODY.

I AM glad she sleeps to-day
'Neath the crimson roses ;
Where the softest winds of May
Sing while she reposes.

Full of conflicts was her life ;
Bitterly they bound her ;
And amid the fiercest strife,
Death's sad angel found her.

Tenderly he kissed her brows,
Stilling all their beating ;
Sweeter words than earthly vows
To her soul repeating.

I am glad the May moon's light
Falls in wondrous glory
On her marbled name so white,
Telling victory's story !

WOMAN.

A H woman's heart must mask it well,
The love she is too proud to tell ;
And so her weary feet must tread
Paths where her sister's feet have bled,
Till the soft grave shall rest upon
The restless bosom it has won.

Oh, woman's heart ! oh, woman's strife !
Oh, restless sea of human life !
Oh, woman's love, and woman's woe,
In surging tides of being flow !
What, what shall whisper " peace, be still,"
While bearing crosses up life's hill ?

Oh Mother ! Mary ! Christ divine !
Fill up life's chalices with wine

Such as the martyrs long ago
Drank to assuage their human woe,
And give the famished heart the love
That drops like manna from above.

THE RAIN-FALL.

SWEET to listen to the rain-fall
On the leafy trees of June,
As it plays among the branches
In a slow, melodious tune.
There is no sweeter music
Than rain-drops on the leaves,
Or whispering on the casement—
Or the quaint, old-fashioned eaves.

And I love at night to listen
To its music on the roof,
Building castles so unreal
That can never have their proof.
Then come the old-time voices
That I never more may hear,
Soothing all my restless longings,
So delusive, yet so dear !

And I love the silver rain-drops,
When the sunbeams gild them o'er,
Beautiful enough for jewels
That some olden goddess wore.
Or the gems we read of, gleaming
On the golden gates above,
That will fade not, like our dreaming,
When we meet the friends we love.

MY SERENADE.

I HEAR it now ! like memory-bells
It calls the sweet Past back to me ;
My heart with silent rapture swells
With its delightful harmony !
And since that still mid-summer night
When stars together sang on high,
It haunts me with a strange delight,
And will forever till I die.

Ye who have learned to reach the heart
With music's ever welcome strain ;
Ye who have learned the blessed art
Of soothing weariness and pain,
To thee, to thee my spirit sings,
For thee the choicest blessings crave ;
Ye have a richer crown than kings,
A stronger power than monarchs have.

I would earth had no cares, no fears,
No mourning hours for such as ye ;
No weary paths, no sorrowing tears,
No restless waves to stir life's sea !
And yet, perchance the tones I heard
Were born in sorrow's bitter hour,
When some poor spirit's deeps were stirred,
Revealing its immortal power.

Now while the mournful autumn breeze
Comes whispering round my window pane,
And whirls the red leaves from the trees,
I seem to hear those tones again,
As if a low-voiced angel came,
Baptizing me with tears of praise,
That my full heart can only name,
The spirit of Departed days.

BE THYSELF.

SWEET! be thyself, whatever life may bring ;
Pain, tears, and care ; or every earthly
good.

Let thoughts, thy aims, and actions, ever spring
From holy fountains of true womanhood !

Then will thy heart be ever brave and strong,

Thy feet tread safely over life's rough ways,

Hope's star shine brightly, though the night be
long—

Thy songs be victory, with mingled praise.

MORTALITY.

GRAVEWARD tending till the shadows
All are lost amid the gloom
Of the night that surely gathers
'Round the stern rapacious tomb !
Even though our footsteps falter
As we near the future goal,
And a shrinking fear oppresses
With its weight, the untried soul,
Still we journey on forever,
Never tarrying on our way,
And the flow of Time's swift river
Will not let us pause or stay.
Far beyond the grave's low darkness,
Or the gloom of life's short even,
Beams of fadeless light are shining,
Earth is merging into heaven.

A RESPONSE.

THANKS, noble poet ! how thy lines
Thrilled through my heart at eventide ;
Sweet as the winds of orient climes,
That through the palms and olives glide.
Last eve I read each friendly word,
Limned with a poet's glorious art,
And oh ! their music strangely stirred
An echo in my grateful heart.

I know that we have never met,
My hand has ne'er been clasped in thine ;
I have not heard thy voice, nor yet
Thy soul-lit eyes gazed into mine ;
But Fancy paints a golden dream
Of truth and poesy, to me ;
And forms of beauty round me gleam,
And then I fondly picture thee !

I wonder if some singing-bird
Hath built within thy heart its nest,
And warbled forth the strain I heard,
That soothed me to luxurious rest?
Mine is a wild and untaught rhyme,
Such as the winds at evening sing,
That, floating down the stream of Time,
On some chance wave I dare to fling.

Accept this offering, poet, friend,
Penned with the kindest thoughts to thee;
Accept a place till Time shall end,
Within my heart's sweet memory.
And if to thee dark hours shall come,
And weigh thy soul with grief and care,
Then lift thine eyes to heaven—thy home,
And trust in God, *and meet me there!*

A HYMN.

MAKE me pure and meek and holy
Thou who for my ransom died ;
By thy cross I bend me lowly,
Dear Redeemer, crucified !

Now to-day upon thine altar
All I consecrate to Thee ;
Let me never fail nor falter,
Ere I cross Death's fearful sea !

And when earth grows dim and dying,
To the closing mortal eye ;
May I, on thy word relying,
Hope for immortality.

TO MARY.

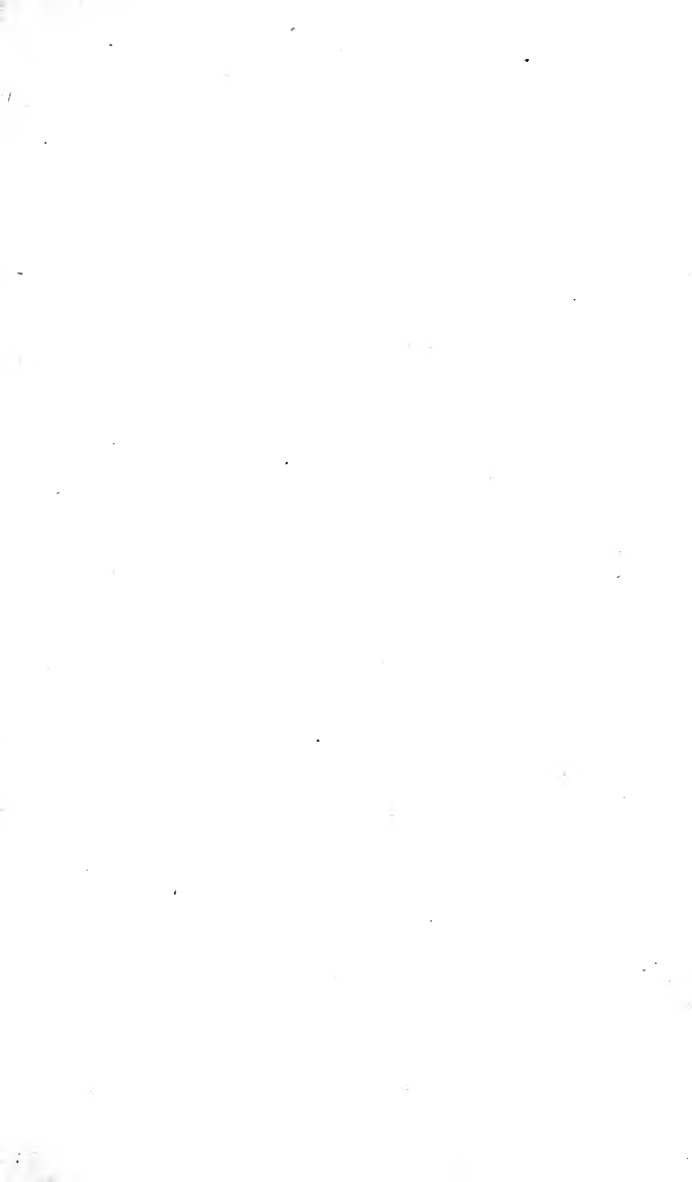
THESE precious flowers, sweet friend of mine,
That shed their perfume round me now,
Are beautiful enough to twine
Around a sinless angel's brow !

I love them Mary, for they breathe
A thousand cherished things to me,
Such as we dreamers love to wreath
In voiceless songs of poesy.

I love them that they are thy gift,
And hallowed by thy touch and love,
And gazing on them now they lift
My thoughts to fadeless blooms above.

Oh, may this little bunch of flowers
Make blessed all our love's fond ties,
Till in those never-fading bowers,
We gather flowers in Paradise.







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